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VANITY FAIR

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SENTIMENT NOWHERE!

Clementina.—"STRANGE, MYSTERIOUS BEINGS THEY ARE! HOW I WISH I WAS A BIRD!"

Sententious old Macaw.—"AH! YES, THAT'S ALL VERY FINE—BUT WHEN YOU COME TO MOULT!"

What Vanity Fair Thinks about It.

It has been announced in the dailies, that on the expiration of his term of office, J. B. will write a series of auto-biographical sketches for It, which Mr. BONNER expects to be especially good, as the Old Public Functionary, being then rid of the cares of State, "can give his whole mind to them."

If J. B. does give his whole mind to them, one thing is certain, he will not establish a reputation for benevolence.

Suspension of payments.

CHING WANG lately hung himself at Jones' Bar, California because he was unable to pay a creditor, and face that other and grislier Bar, the Bar of public opinion.

Medical.

JIM D. KUSS asked the other day why a physician with a drug store was agricultural? "Because he has a Pharm-I-see."

Query.

Can judgment be obtained against a defendant for non appearance, when the summons tells him distinctly to "com. not ser?"

By our Special Horse Marine.

Those who have never seen the crossing of Bay o' nets should try to sail during shad time, in New York harbor.

Don't Break that Bank.

It is estimated that BERGER can "discount" any one in this country. Let's keep him here for the next Panic!

Motto for the Sporting Fraternity.

Put not your trust in Princess.

OUR HARP "DISCOUNTED."

A Spanish newspaper tell us of a novel and ingenious piece of mechanism intended as a present for the Empress of the French. It is a guitar, the handiwork of a shepherd of the Province of Murcia, and composed of more than ten millions of bits of wood. So the Spanish man says.

If we believed in that guitar of ten million chips—which we don't—we should decidedly admit the probability of its taking the shine out of our own American "harp of a thousand strings;" which noble instrument, it may not be generally known to our readers, was originally modelled after the divine stringed instrument invented by APOLLO, its strings being strained across the hollow shell of a tortoise orsome similar animal of the *testudo* tribe: on which account it may be said in allusion to it that "The voice of the Turtle is heard in the land."

Should the guitar of ten million bits turn out to be a fact, however, and the veritable production of a shepherd, it will be our duty to suppose that the shepherd in question is a lineal descendant from PHEBE, the sweet, sophistical shepherdess in *As You Like It*, who exclaims:

"Dead Shepherd! now I find thy Saw of might;"

admitting which, it will further be our duty to maintain that the "SAW of might" referred to, became an heir-loom in the family of the Murcian shepherd, and was the instrument with which he cut up the two million bits composing his guitar.

If, on the contrary, the guitar turns out to be no guitar after all, there will be some compensating counterpoint in the fact that the Spanish journalist turns out to be a Lyre.

Preaching from the Shoulder.

A correspondent of a Buffalo paper asserts that HEENAN, while on a visit to Brooklyn, called on HENRY WARD BEECHER, put on the gloves with him, and found that he would make as good a Shoulder-Hitter as Preacher. Just so!

'Tis said that HEENAN thinks that Hen
Would make as good a "sport" as preacher,
And should he change his name again
'Twould be from WARD to Ward off BEECHER

OUR LAST GREAT ROMANCE.

The Last Shirt.

It was a pitiful sight seen (by the stars) through that garret window:—Solomon Snipes surveying a colorless object that fluttered from two long arms,

"'Tis the last shirt of summer,
In tatters and tags."

He improvised,

"All its cotton companions
Have vanished to rags."

"Well this is what I call being in re-*deuced* circumstances," he added after a long whistle, "I've used the backs of all my old love-letters for dickeys and now I'm high and dry. I'll send for Jack's washerwoman, she don't know me—she'll wash a shirt for a poor fellow that's sick—of the world generally, and poverty particularly."

"Massy!" exclaimed that rosy individual after toiling up six flights—"That shirt! why it'll wash in two!"

"Dame, are you in earnest?" asked Solomon, vivaciously tucking the sheet about his chin—"do you assert that *that* shirt will wash in *two!*"

"I'm sure it will," reiterated she of the tub.

"Then take it ladye, take it for heaven's sake. You have my entire approbation—wash it *into a dozen*, and I'll pay you the usual price."

"Poor man! he's out of his head," said the laundress compassionately.

"Might as well be out of my head as out of my shirt," muttered SOLOMON, as the ninepenny calico fluttered down stairs.

Disbanded.

The 79th Highlanders since they were all "kilt."

From our worst Contributor.

A good scentsible Word for BERGER.—Bergermot!

OUR COLLEGE DEPARTMENT.

N NOMINE DOMI !—olla ferved.

A free fight gentle men—a free fight. Count y urselves in!

VANITY FAIR has received numerous n l several letters from H r ford on the subject of P es TON B. SILL,

P. B. S. it seems, w a student. Elder stude ts seized on PRESTON nd were dragging him in a carriage for the purpos of avowedly hazing him d putting him through painful course of torme urous sprouts.

P. B. S. was from t e South. P. B. S. had hea d of underground railroa P. B. S. didn't know wh was coming—battle, murder or suendd D. So P. B. S. drew out l revolv and revolved. Missing.

VANITY, as a general thing, don't approve of revolving. At t same time VANITY is compelled to admit that he has seen shoot shot and been shotten, stick and been stucken for less tha this. At Heidelberg V. F. saw SCHLAGENWEIT SCHLACHTENSCHLAG slit ALOYISIUS MEYERHUBER'S Bavarian nose for much less than ha ing. At Padua he remembers that GIACOMO AVEZZANO ha thoughts of Poisoning the whole town because the Professo *Utriusque* marked him 3 in *Corpus Juris*. And never shall V. F forget how at Singapore the Malay Freshman ORANI BHEEL slapped out his *creese* and run *amok* right through a whole clas of Chinese Sophomores just as the Yu-King recitation was lettin out. "Oh—'twas Awful! The way those Chinese were turne into chow-chow by BHEELI was a caution to carbonadoes! H ripped and he slashed—had got more'n a pound *B'hang* aboard—raving, roaring, hashish mad—and went through those Sopho mores like the devil through a nigger-meeting, like a stron telegram over a new wire. Blood! Steel! Death! After he' gone by, the ground was covered with cracked China-men—all spoiled. We picked up 17 livers, 240 aortic valves, and no end of jejunums, pig-tails, colons, lobes, ilia and things. Looked like a slarter'us in hog killin' time. At last the Prof. came in—'twas old TI-WANG-AMOY who knocked BHEELI down with a bamboo and then laid a copy of KONG-FOU-TSE on him to keep him down. It did it.

Now these were all very wrong. Our Instinct tells us so. Freshmen ort'nt to run *amok* or a-muck. At the same time it *should* be remembered that there are sporadic cases of Freshomania—of Irrepressible pyrotechnification—when mere humanity, unable to stand more than a given amount of insult and bully-ragravation flies off the handle. That's all. When you come across such, dont do it so much.

TRINITY COLLEGE, HARTFORD, Oct. 16, 1860.

To the Editor of Vanity Fair:—I see that you have generously thrown open the columns of your paper, and offered it as the "organ" of the *Students* of America. Although Trinity is not especially mentioned, you evidently mean to include *all* the universities in the land, and I accept your proffer with the more pleasure that I know you will profit by it. For are we not, proverbially, the most intellectual, the most advanced, the wisest of each generation that is honored by our studies, our acquirements, our dissertations and our commencement orations?

I think so!

I am a Junior at Trinity. Trinity, I know, is at present small. I could almost say—in the beautiful language of What's-his-name:—"We are seven!" We do, however, exceed that mystical number somewhat, and we are equal to a great many more! We are *multum in parvo* or, as the vulgar have it:—"Little but oh——!"

What I would write to you about to-day is a gross outrage upon the Junior class by a besotted Freshman!

The man's name—and I herald it to the world, for universal excretation with pleasure—the creature's name is *Preston Davis Sill!*

This SILL—(if I dared I would say this mud-sill) [scratched out in the copy, Ed. V. F.]—this SILL refused to be put through the "Tribunals" or annual Freshmen initiation, one day last week.

We had already left one man in his class tied to a tomb-stone in the cemetery at midnight, and had lowered another into an old well—whence he was drawn up by the proprietor at six A. M., for the purpose of boiling the kettle—all this we had done to deter them from venturing to dispute our long established authority, and still SILL "hung out" against us!

I believe he thought that because he published poetry in the magazines and newspapers, and came from South Carolina, we couldn't put him through!

At length, last Thursday, when we seized him after chapel, in the evening, and hurried him towards a carriage we had in waiting to receive him, he actually drew a pistol—one of Allen's revolvers—and fired it off!

He didn't hit any one, but he brought out the Faculty—which was worse—and we were obliged to let him go.

I state the facts to you in the most concise manner, merely inquiring if nothing can be done by the united Juniors of America to bring this man's name—and the practices of all rebellious Freshmen like him—into merited disgrace?

Awaiting some expression of your valued opinion,

I remain very truly yours,

JUNIOR.

A FRIEND OF SCHOLASTICUS FIGHTS THE TIGER!

YALE COLLEGE, NEW HAVEN, Oct. 22, 1860.

Dear Vanity:—How you could be such a stupid as to make me say, in my letter of the third inst., that I am a member of the class of "'60," I am sure I cannot conceive. I wrote '64 plain enough, because it was easier than saying I was a Freshman. Hereafter, you see, I shall have to speak of Seniors, Juniors, Sophomores and Freshmen, instead of more pleasantly describing them as members of the classes of '61, '62, '63 and '64. But enough on that head, as the man said after he cracked his wife's skull open with the broad axe.

I am in a quandary, and I want your advice how to get out of it.

You see a few days since a Senior who has taken a great fancy to me—on account of my family, he says—came into my room and wanted to write a letter. Well he sat down at my table and spoiled three pens and several sheets of paper before he could suit himself with the writing materials. Then he wrote his letter. Just as he got it finished, he unfortunately knocked the ink-stand over into a basket of clothes just from the wash, but he poured the sand on the ink and made a good joke about it which I forget. I felt a little bad, at first, but—as he said—they could go to the wash again, so it was no matter, after all!

Then we tossed up a cent to see which of us should carry his letter to the post-office; it fell on me, and he agreed to wait and smoke a few of the cigars my Uncle William sent from Cuba, till I should return. After I got back, and he had finished my third cigar, he put a couple of dozen or so, in his pockets, and proposed we should go out "for a night of it." "A night of *what?*" said I. "Well!" said he, "I don't know; do you feel like bucking the Tiger, a little?"

Now I always was afraid of wild beasts, and so I told him, but he said this animal only bit those that meddled with it, and, in fact, that by "bucking the Tiger" he only meant a little play at the faro bank. I didn't know much better then, but I told him I would go, adding that I wasn't much used to banking, besides being short of funds since my unfortunate adventure with the billiard table. He said that was no matter; that he was only going down to MAC'S for a little sport on his individual curve, and that I could come along if I liked, and look on. So I went and very soon learned what the "Tiger" is.

I found a table with a crowd about, and a young man, of a mild and pleasing exterior, seated behind it, who drew small cards out of a box. There were also cards pasted on the table, and you could go a "V" on the ten spot and "copper" on the ace, if you chose; or you could bet down as low as a quarter of a dollar; and you could bet on anything you chose as high as you chose, and the chances for a skilful and careful player (I am repeating the instructions of my friend, the Senior,) were strongly in favor of breaking the bank, provided you kept cool and followed some regular plan.

I am afraid my friend didn't keep cool. At all events he lost about fifty dollars to the mild young man behind the table! I never saw so much money go so quick in my life. I'm sure *I* couldn't see how he lost it; I only knew it was raked down pretty much as fast as he laid it on the table. Then we went and got a drink; and then my friend suddenly cried out that he had hit on the right combination and eagerly asked me to lend him my watch for a short time.

Now my watch is really my father's watch. It's a very hand-

some hunting-case, golden time-piece, that he loaned me in boyhood's happy hour—that is about two months since, when I left home for old Yale—and I didn't think I ought to lend it, exactly. But my friend, the Senior, said he only wanted to "spout" it, and that the operation would be rather beneficial than otherwise. So I let him take it, and he "spouted" it for twenty-five dollars and bucked the Tiger fiercer than ever.

In ten minutes that twenty-five dollars had all gone into the pocket of the mild-eyed dealer behind the table!

Then said my friend "come, let's go!"

"Get me my watch first!" said I.

"I can't," said he; "it's up the spout!"

"I don't see any spout here," said I, "and I want my watch."

"What's the matter there?" said a gruff individual who had hitherto been quietly standing near the bar.

"I want my watch!" said I.

"Here 'Boston,'" said the gruff man to the mild youth who sat behind the table, "I'll take your place, while you clean that fellow out of here; *he's drunk*!"

I looked at my friend, the Senior. He was evidently repressing violent emotions, but he only said, "come let's go, there'll be a row here;" and so, as I saw the mild youth called "Boston" coming from behind the table, I left.

Now I want to know what to do. I expect my father here every day, and I *know* there'll be a rumpus when he finds I haven't got his golden time-piece about me. I am sorry to say that valuable article of furniture is still up the spout! I don't see any present prospect of its ever coming down again. It is now three days since we were down at MAC's, and I haven't seen my friend, the Senior, once in that time. I went towards his room yesterday, but some one poured a bucket of dirty water over me when I was going up stairs, and of course I could not present myself in *that* plight. I have great fears that my friend may be ill; otherwise I should certainly have heard from him. What shall I do?

Please inform, yours despairingly,

SCHOLASTICUS.

P. S. Last week we had our annual regatta in fine style. The race for shell boats was won by the *Thulia*, (Junior boat) against the *Atalanta* (Senior) and the *Glyuna* (Soph.) Time 19 minutes; distance only a few rods less than three miles. It is supposed that the *Atalanta* would have won but for her unfortunately fouling with the *Glyuna* early in the race. This delayed her more than a minute, and still she came in only 37 seconds behind the *Thulia* Afterwards there was a barge race, in which the distance was made by the winning boat in 20 minutes and 23 seconds, which, they tell me is remarkable time for such boats. You shall have another letter from me when I write again. If you do not receive this, let me know, and I will send down a copy I have preserved to provide against such accidents.

S.

ANOTHER LETTER FROM "SCHOLASTICUS."

NEW HAVEN, OCT. 17th, 1860.

Dear Vanity:—Since I wrote you last, some of the men in College have had such a lark, taking off gates.

You see it's the correct thing at this season (I didn't know it till last week, though) to take off persons, gates and carry them away. Some of our men wanted me to go along, but I always believe in keeping out of trouble unless you know there isn't any danger, so I didn't. Besides I don't like to spoil my clothes till I get another order from home on my tailor. Well you see, some of the men went out last Saturday night, and they hooked a cart and got sixteen gates piled up on it, when the police made a fearful descent in the shape of two Irishmen who belong to the force. Our men were quick and they got away, but the police captured the cart and its contents and carried them to the station house.

You ought to have seen the fun, Monday morning, when the people on York Square who had lost their "yard doors" (an *original* joke of mine) came and reclaimed them. Guess they didn't make much out of our men, though.

Since I wrote you last, I have had a remittance, and last night, I, and a man of seventeen in the class of '64, who plays a very handsome game of billiards for his age, made a match of a thousand points for the suppers.

We had played some four hours, and had only a little over seven hundred to go, each, I was ahead, too. I am not much on caroms, mind, but I make some occasional, splendid pockets!

Just at this junction I made a magnificent nine shot—the first one I ever achieved! But by unfortunate miscalculation of angles, I, at the same instant, thrust the point of my cue through the green cloth on the top of the table! I am sorry to say that the proprietor of the saloon was so ungentlemanly as to make use of profane language!

He said something that I did not understand about *boys* not being allowed in the rooms, unless accompanied by their parents or guardians!

I knew, well enough, what he meant, however, when he advanced in the most threatening manner, and demanded *twenty dollars for the damage to his table!* I had not nearly that amount with me, but some of our men who were present kindly made up a purse and I paid him.

I do not think I shall play any more billiards this term!

SCHOLASTICUS.

P. S.—I have felt very much depressed in spirit in consequence of present inability to liquidate necessary liabilities, and I write this postscript to intimate that remuneration for the letters in the form of checks on any responsible bank will be very acceptable. A note addressed to me ("SCHOLASTICUS"—my assumed name, you know) will be eagerly looked for at the post-office—gentleman's general delivery.

PURELY PRE-RAPHAELITE.

We have much pleasure in presenting our readers, this week, with a sketch from our Young Artist. The boldness and decision of the author of this beautiful production, are strong indications that his next will bring Art, in this country, to that height of excellence, which will cause the boasted superiority of the Old World to sink into utter insignificance. We would particularly call attention to the happy arrangement of the figures: the gentleman indulging in a walk accompanied by a favorite grayhound, which are so perfectly depicted, that we can almost see the movement, and expect every moment the other legs to be raised. What an expressive eye, too, is here given—full of fire and intelligence. And how beautifully bold is the figure of the dog, what a magnificent chest, and noble tail! The first point in the picture, however, we should say is the *chiaro-oscuro* of the pocket. The absence of all background is an extremely happy idea, as it gives to the picture a naturalness, almost stereoscopic in it its effect. But it is needless for us to call attention to all the beautiful points in this production, they must speak for themselves. The only fault we can find, if there can be a fault where everything is so excellent, is the style of the coat—the collar is a little too high for the present fashion; this, however, does not mar the general beauty of the work, and is merely a matter of opinion. We trust our young friend will continue in the path he has marked out for himself, and we predict for him a brilliant future.

Drawing It Mild.

"Some *little drawback*," as a Boston paper mentioned, "occurred during the passage of the Prince of Wales from Longwood to Boston, owing to the *breaking down of a carriage*, and the *explosion of a cannon*."

Wonder what they would have said to an *earthquake?* It would probably, have caused the party a "slight inconvenience," or a "momentary delay."

We don't positively *object* to this rather reticent style of describing little events, but merely noticed it as a new wrinkle in the physiognomy of JENKINS. Who knows but that a little more of the same modesty may get him elected a member of the Mutual Admiration Society?

"BRIEF BIOGRAPHIES."

After Smiles (several.)

DR. HOLMES.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES is one of the most remarkable bricks in the country, as this brief biography will show. He is the son of the Rev. JOHN HOME of Edinburg, the author of "Douglass," a touching tragedy, founded on the adventures of one of the ancestors of STEPHEN A. DOUGLASS, who had a good deal of trouble in finding his mother, (a difficulty under which the family still labors,) and the sufferings of Lady RANDOLPH, the wife of the Hon. JOHN RANDOLPH of Roanoke. Originally from Holmes's Hole, the infancy of Dr. HOLMES was passed in Boston. The first objects that met his childish eyes in the Modern Athens, were the State House, which he has never ceased to regard with affection, and the Common, for which he has an uncommon reverence. As might have been expected from his poetical temperament, the childhood of OLIVER was rather wild; indeed, he was so wild at one time that he was actually sent to the Tread Mill! The occasion was as follows: Being one day in want of a tail for his kite, and not finding anything adapted to his purpose in the family rag-bag, he crossed over to the Charleston Navy Yard, where the Constitution was then rotting, and, smuggling himself on board, stealthily climbed the lanyards until he reached the cut water, where the Union Jack was flying. He appropriated it for his kite-tail, but was fortunately detected, and sent to the Tread Mill for three months. He laughed at his punishment, in a poem entitled "The Tread Mill," which, very appropriately, ran the rounds! His constitution beginning at length to flag, he recruited it by writing about the Flag of the Constitution—a spirited little lyric, which, strange to say, is always incorrectly printed. The very first line is wrong, for instead of,

"Aye, tear her tattered ensign down."

it should read,

"I tore her tattered ensign down."

(Will not Dr. HOLMES correct the reading in a variorum editfon of his poems? But perhaps he wishes to veil in mystery this romantic episode of his youth.)

Freed from the Tread Mill and the odium of imprisonment, OLIVER commenced the study of Law, but growing weary of JOHN DOE, RICHARD ROE, and the rest of that large legal family, he turned his attention to Medicine. He served an apprenticeship with a distinguished apothecary on Beacon Hill, and, graduating with distinction, started for a Paris to finish his education. Not being able to walk into the hospitalities of the French, he contented himself by walking their Hospitals, and studying Anatomy, from living models, in the Quartier Latin. Here he met a beautiful *grisette*, named Clemence, who persuaded him to marry her. "Do you care where it is done?" he asked. She answered "Not a d——n." So they were married in Notre Dame, an obscure little church in the dusky suburbs of Paris. Poor OLIVER! his dream of happiness was short, for one day Clemence disappeared. She was found at last in the Seine; an inquest was held on the body, and not knowing what else to say, the jury brought in the verdict of "Insane."

OLIVER returned to the United States, and commenced the practice of his profession, but often when making his calls his thoughts reverted to his lost love! Like the gentlemen of the Spanish song, whose body was in Segovia, while his soul was in Madrid,

"His body was in the one-horse chay,
His soul in *Pere la Chaise.*"

To drown his grief, and at the same time earn a living for himself and family, (for he married again,) Dr. HOLMES devoted all his energies to his profession, and was at last chosen Professor of Anatomy at Cambridge, in the place of Dr. WARREN, (the inventor of WARREN'S Blacking, and the author of "Ten Thousand a Year," which, by the way, was the income which his Blacking gave him,) who was unfortunately killed on Bunker's Hill in the flower of his youth, as the reader of American History will at once remember. "He was also," a correspondent informs us, with what truth we know not, "Professor of Comparative Anatomy and Theology in the Massachusetts Water Cure Establishment, and held the Homœopathic Chair in the Allopathic Cemetery." It was under his wise guidance that the practice of medicine attained such unerring precision in Boston, that not two patients in six survived a call from the one-horse chay."

Dr. HOLMES has written several medical works, with alarmingly scientific titles, (we shall not punish the readers of V. F. by enumerating them,) and a volume of poems, which occasionally smell of the shop, though they are anything but a drug in the market. He resides in a palatial mansion on the banks of the Charles River, not far from the cottage of his publisher, Mr. FIELDS, (known in England under the *soubriquet* of Kenny Meadows,) and in sight of the object of his early admiration—the State House! His devotion to the cupola of the State House is so ardent, that he calls it the Hub of the Universe! His and *its* enemies scout the idea, which certainly *is* extravagant, and say it is but a small part of even the Common Wheel of Massachusetts!

Dr. HOLMES is a great proficient in boating, so much so that the master with whom he studied, (MARTIN, the Vegetarian,) calls him his best scholar. (Query? Sculler?) COMBE, the Phrenologist paid him a similar compliment, saying he was the best skull in Boston! The proximity of the Dr.'s residence to the spar-yards on the banks of the Charles, led him to sparring, and he is now so devoted to the Manly Art that he never takes a walk without putting on his gloves. His habits are pacific however, notwithstanding his connection with the Atlantic! His first contribution to this Magazine was the "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table." It was originally his intention to have continued the series with "The Democrat of the Dinner Table," "The Sovereign of the Supper Table," and possibly "The Loafer at Lunch," but some injudicious friend persuaded him to change his plan, and give us "The Professor" instead. We should like to analyse these works for the delectation of the readers of V. F.; but unfortunately our ANN ELIZA is absent, having gone into the country to see her sick mother; so we will pass them by saying they are worthy of V. F., which is the highest praise that we can give them.

The portrait of Dr. HOLMES at the head of this Biography, is from a rare print by some unknown artist, supposed to be BARRY of Boston. At any rate it is like BARRY'S acknowledged works, for speaking musically, it has a BARRY tone! The Dr. is represented standing on one of his great medical publications, and brandishing his pen in the faces of his foes—in this case the whole Medical Faculty. We are not very well informed as to the exact cause of the quarrel between Dr. HOLMES and his whilom brothers of the lancet; but it may be summed up, we believe, by saying that the Dr. thinks Medicine, as generally understood and practised, a Humbug, and that consequently the less we have of it the better. Of course the Faculty object to this piece of State's evidence on the part of the doctor, and pitch into him right and left. We shall watch the fight as it proceeds, and chronicle the various rounds. We bet on the Doctor's drawing the first blood. Go in, little one, V. F. will back you. Ten to one on the Boston Chicken!

Wide Awake Motto.

Pro Patra More-eye.

THE LAST FASHION

MADISON SQUARE, Oct. 25, 1860.

Editor of Vanity Fair.

SIR:—I call upon you, as I would be happy to call on Mister THWACKAWAY if he were in this city, to at once direct all the available satirical engines in your employ against putting out The Last Fashion. I allude to the rush of cheap jewelry, to the bonnets of our wives, our sisters and our women generally. I shall say nothing of the bill sent to me yesterday for my wife's new bonnet, price $150, for I wish you to believe that I write solely for the good of my country—and not from personal motives. Nor do I wish to interfere with harness and fancy trunk-makers, who are thus able to part with much of their brass-ware to women wishing to adorn their bonnets *à la mode*; my sole desire is to crush the demon of luxury reclining on top of the heads of Republican Matrons who should be Patterns of Simplicity, and not Patronesses of Fashions.

Strolling up Broadway yesterday I met Madame CAPLANIER with a bonnet shining like a brass helmet; it was covered with gilt leaves, beads, watch chains, and looked very much as if she had run her head through a Gift Book Store, and then made a clearance with the pendant spoils, exclaiming,

"My guilt be on my head."

In Amsterdam I once saw a crowd of Hollanderesses, alias Dutch women, with gold bands, flowers &c., on their heads, but this was no gilty thing. We all know how much an Egyptian fellaheen is worth by one glance at her jewelry, including strings of sequins, piastres, &c., and what I would wish you to suggest is simply this: Instead of brass bugs, gilt-cockroaches and gilt beads—let our bonnet wearers, (I refer to the unmarried,) wear on their bonnets their dowry—in Eagles. This would be neater than the exploded birds of paradise, wouldn't it? Or if they haven't Eagles—new silver dollars. If their wealth is too heavy to be borne on the head in gold—it would be a neat thing to twine a check for the amount among Solferino, or Magenta, or Eugenie, or Pompadour pink silk, but so placed that the figures could be seen instantly, *comme ca*:

This would obviate much valuable time now lost running around to find out "how much she is worth?" the information thus obtained, alas, too often invaluable; that is worthless.

This plan would have the advantage also of pointing out those whose wealth lay in their heads, and who not being able to turn it into money would be compelled to wear unmonied bonnets or go bare-headed, thus giving The World a fine opportunity to dodge people having nothing but education, refinement and talent to recommend them.

Proud of this suggestion, and hoping to see it at once adopted.

Yours &c.

C. DE ODDFISH

From the Orient.

The *Herald* of last Sunday has a leader under the heading of "THE MISSIONARY BROIL AT CONSTANTINOPLE."

We were not previously aware that the Turks are cannibals.

From our Half-Shell Contributor.

"There's something raw in the air"—as the man said when he threw away the bad oyster.

LETTERS TO GENERAL CHARLES W. SANDFORD.

No. II.

A fortnight ago, under circumstances of a very aggravating character, or, to speak plainly in unswallowable wrath, we said a few words in great haste to Great Incompetent, better known as Maj. Gen. CHARLES W. SANDFORD. The matter has been worrying us ever since, and, in short, we can't let him alone. We must speak our mind. And we most respectfully suggest to him that he should endeavor as much as possible to keep his temper; and not let his angry passions become too many for him.

Indeed Maj. Gen. SANDFORD we put it to yourself, don't you think that to do our duty to the dear public, we ought to haul you over the coals slightly, for your abominably double-slow way of doing things? Honestly now, don't you? And just to show that *we* are magnanimous enough to do the fair thing, we acknowledge that some of our language the other day was, perhaps, a little too hasty. For example, we compared you, CHARLES, to a "freshly-pulled turnip"—not even a respectable capital T prize turnip. Well, we admit that such comparisons are sometimes unpleasant and, so, suppose we withdraw the turnip; will that be satisfactory? As for the "old fogy," the "no snap in you," and similar phrases, we really don't see how we can withdraw or even modify them. We rather admire your brave, straight-backed, stiff-upper-lipped manner on parade—*parole d'honneur*—but then, you see, the day of wooden soldiers has gone by. Soldiers are live men now-a-days, and they want and *will have* live Generals to command them. It's entirely on your own account, me-boy, that we advise you to quietly make way for some ugly devil of a martinet, who will put the whole town through a course of sprouts in jolly good style; prevent all the silly women and babies from complaining about waiting six or eight hours to see a Prince after dark; to teach the Public generally, that when he (U. D. aforesaid) does once get hold of a good thing, by Jove! he'll make the most of it. That's the man we want. Not an old Fuss and Feathers, but a man with some vim in him.

Now what in thunder would *you* have done the other day if you had had the material for such a *revue* as some of us have seen on the *Champ de Mars?* Sixty thousand men! all reviewed in an hour and a half! An hour and a half! It's impossible! It's absurd to think of such a thing, isn't it General? In what a slip-shod way it must have been done! If it takes four hours to manœuvre six thousand—hold on! let's state it mathematically:

6000 : 4 :: 60,000 : 40

—that's all—only a couple of days.

Now, you dear old boy, don't you think that in order to bring about the before-mentioned state of things in this community you ought, in justice to your noble self to seek in peaceful retirement, that repose which awaits the brave and virtuous? We don't wish you any harm, CHARLES, but *couldn't* you manage to find proper accommodations in ABRAHAM'S Bosom, or some other similarly delightful place of refuge from the trials and torments of this life, military as well as civil? We don't mean ABRAHAM of Illinois, for we believe that you are the hardest kind of an old Democrat—or Soft—which is it? However, Hard or Soft we do seriously recommend that you should modestly step into our office some fine morning, and sign your old name to a nice little document which is all ready for you. You know we warned you that in a certain—indeed a *very* certain contingency we should immediately accept your resignation. The fact is, CHARLES, that we have, after mature deliberation concluded to *accept it at once* and thereby relieve you of all further responsibility, and ourselves from all annoyance and disgrace in the future, on occasions like that of the 11th of October.

Just drop in any day before the 1st of next month.

Keep this Shady.

Much complaint has arisen regarding want of shelter, in the Central Park, from the disrespectful sun, who tans with equal assiduity the damsel of high and her of low degree.

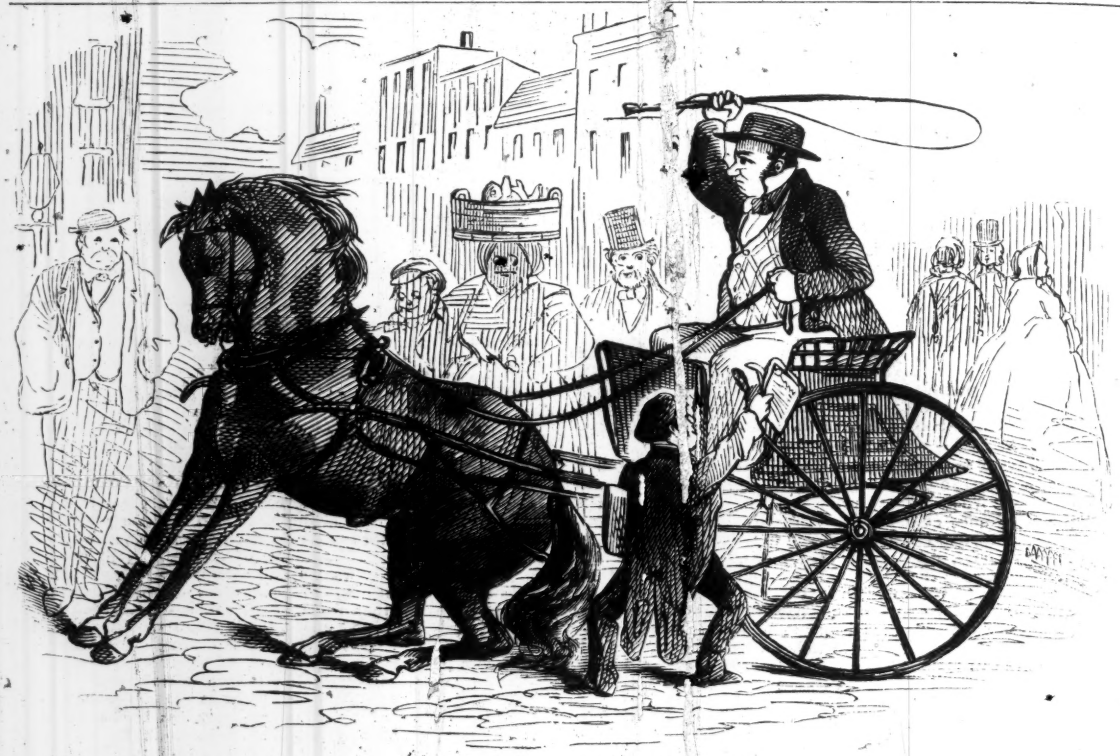
To ascertain what foundation there might be for these grumblings, we sent a special reporter to the "Central," one fine Saturday, lately, when the band was playing there, and, as the *Herald* generally says about such things "all went merry as a marriage-bell."

As we had instructed our reporter to be very precise, nay, minute, in his communications on the subject, it of course, took him some time to prepare his report, which we have now, however, the pleasure of laying before our readers. Here it is.

"There are no trees to be seen in the Central Park, at any time; but there's always no end of Magenta Shade there on Saturdays."

A Fruit closely resembling old Monkeys.

Gra-apes.



AGGRAVATION IN AFFLICTION.

Newsboy.—"'Ere's the Weekly Scalawag, Mister. Grand story of the Bloody Frying Pan or M'sterous Cart Wheel of the Desert. You'll have plenty er time to read 'er through 'fore that hoss er yourn 'll git up agin."

FROM OUR BEAUTIFUL CONTRIBUTOR.

Lexington Place, N. Y., Oct. 27, 1860.

Dear Vanity:—Oh the wretches! The *abominable* vile creatures! *Les coquins—les scélerats!* (Why *can't* ladies swear? Do swear some for me, Vanity—they say *you* can do *anything*.)

Oh! Just imagine how I felt this morning when Fred told me that last night it was *town talk* at the *Athenæum*, and *Century*, and *New York*, and all those *horrid* places, that I had hired my diamons for the ball! Yes—*hired* them—some said at Blackball's and some at Stiffknee's.

The creatures!

Hired, indeed! After all the *agony* and *suffering* I endured to get that *riviére*. After the *tortures* which my rings gave me. And after the *excruciations* of my bracelet! How I teased Pa for the *riviére!* How I tormented Aunt Edith for the brooch! I admit that that dear, good, sweet kind Mrs. Spuytent Duyfel (Miss Catalpa that was) *did* lend me just one lovely *solitaire*—but she has *given* it to me since, (the sweet darling) so that I can say *with truth* that every diamond I had on was my own.

Now just to *confound* those wretches I send the following "document." *Do* print it dear Vanity. *Please* do.

New York, Sept. 15, 1860.

To Miss Clementina Macfaden.	Dr.
For one diamond *riviére*,	10.000
" " brooch, opal and diamonds,	2.000
" " " emeralds and diamonds,	1.000
" " bracelet—diamonds,	2.500
	$15.500

Received Payment.

$15.500 Blackball & Co.

There now. I hope that will satisfy them. As for Dr. Tyng, (I hear that he meant *me* by those odious stories of his,) I shall never enter the doors of his church again so long as I live. *Hire* my diamonds!

Yours very truly,
Clementina Macfaden.

A PUGILIST TO A PROPHET!

Apropos of Whittier's ode to St. George Cheever in the *Independent*, and of the late scrimmage in the Saints' Church.

Take up the gloves, oh thou Prophet!
Strike out right and left, brother Cheever,
Give the good brethren enough of it,
Hit like a real coal-heaver.

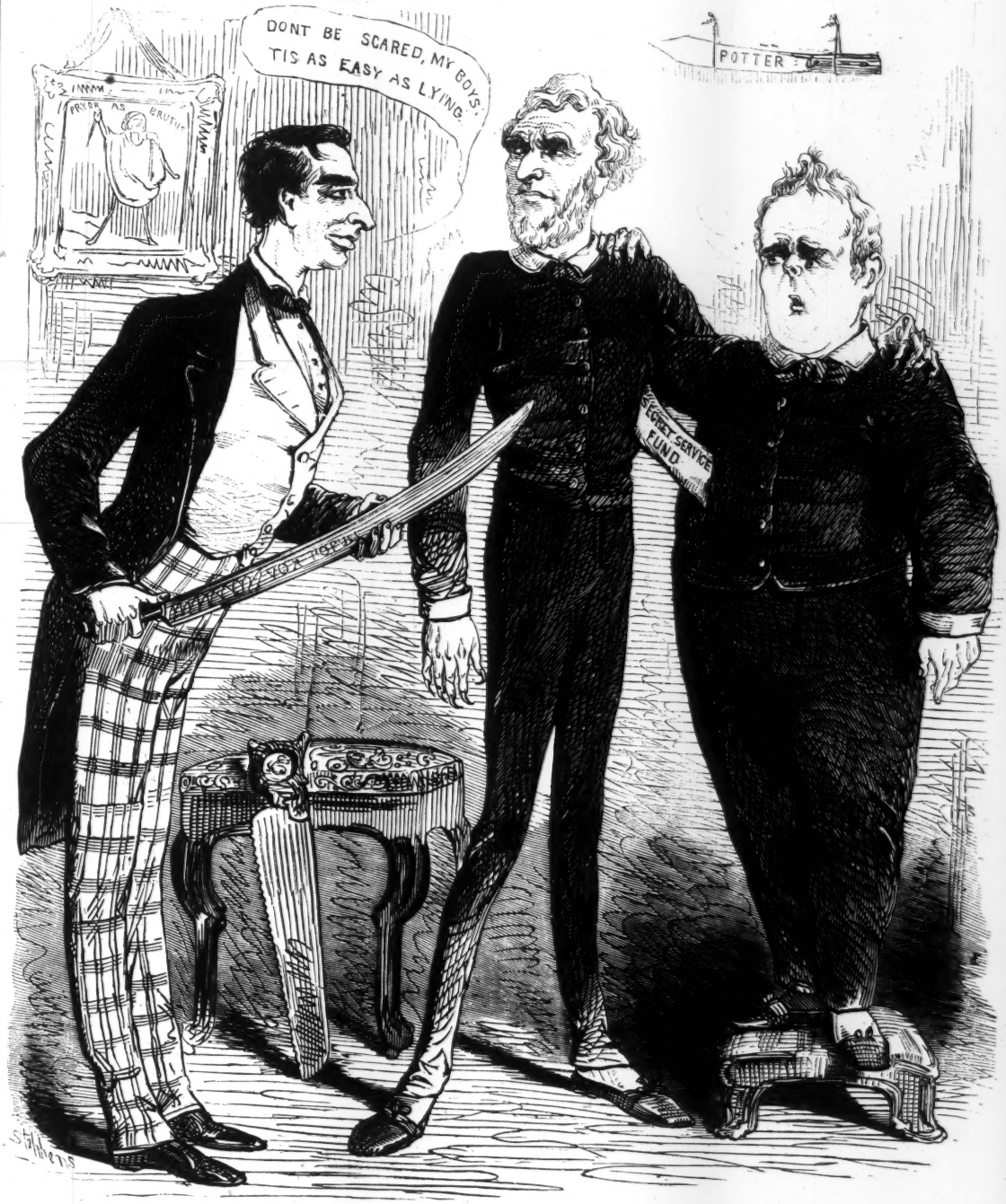
Let out your church to Ottignon, he's one of 'em—give him a lease for the week days—
Have the ancient Bill Tovey for assistant,
Preach Samson to the Musclemen on Sundays;
Be persistent, brother Cheever, you're consistent.

Don't have any more prayer-meetings, have "free-and-easys,"
Elegant little set-tos between your communicants;
Call in the Lazarus boys, the "Izzy's,"
To help you up in the rudiments.

Cut the *Independent*, don't pay your sub., take *Bell's Life in London*;
Don't read the Bible, study the P. R. annals—
Don't scoff so much at matters natural and mundane—
Let things run in their legitimate channels.

Thus, Cheever, though I presume, it won't exactly satisfy the Lord,
You will certainly offend Him more rarely;
Which is a consideration hardly to be ignored;
Ite missa est. Pax tecum, vale!

When did the Ocean first bear grain?
In the time of Ce-crops.



WONDERFUL SURGICAL OPERATION,

PERFORMED BY DOCT. LINCOLN ON THE POLITICAL CHANG AND ENG.

POLITICAL CHANG, J. B——N.
POLITICAL ENG, J. G. B——IT.

STUPENDOUS EXTRAVAGANCE!

C—— A SMALL VILLAGE, NEAR THE "HUB OF THE UNIVERSE." OCTOBER, 1860.

Editor of Vanity Fair.

SIR:—

WITH a heart full almost to bursting with alarm and indignation, I come to pour into your sympathizing ear, my grievances, our grievances, the grievances of the people of the United States.

As one of the sovereign people, I remonstrate, as a free and enlightened citizen, I object; as a moral man—and, I trust a Christian, I utterly denounce and condemn the outrageous and reckless extravagance the United States Coast Survey.

Listen calmly, Mr. Editor. You no doubt can do so. I cannot, I acknowledge it. I did tear my best shirt, and break a buhl table when I first read what I here relate. But you are superior to other men in most things. (I know it. I look upon you with Awe, but dare not imitate you) therefore, I say, listen calmly.

In the *Astronomical Journal* for September, I discovered the following sentence, which occurs in "Lieut. JAS. GILLISS'S Report to the Superintendent of the U. S. Coast Survey" on the late eclipse of the sun.

"It had now become so dark, that I was unable to detect the second marks on the GOLD chronometer; and &c."

Observe. It was not a gold chronometer-watch, with which this difficulty arose. Oh no! It was a *gold chronometer*. Fancy to yourself, dear V. F., a cylinder, whose horizontal diameter is four inches, and its vertical diameter three-and-a-half inches, composed of solid plates of gold. No doubt, although Mr. G. does not mention the circumstance, the box in which the chronometer reposed was of the same material, richly encrusted with precious stones, or at least inlaid with other metals in the most sumptuous and regal manner. Regal, did I say? What monarch, however rich, however great, ever possessed a gold chronometer? This climax of extravagance could only be reached by the U. S. Coast Survey. Now, Mr. Editor, I want to know why in the name of Crœsus should such extravagance be permitted—and not only permitted but indulged in—and not only indulged in, but boasted of, even in the public prints? Else why does Mr. GILLISS find it necessary for the advancement of science to mention the material of which his chronometer is composed? Your correspondent feels like exclaiming after the manner of Miss TROTWOOD—"in the name of all that's ridiculous, why" *gold* chronometer? Why not chronometer? Oh no! That would not do. Lt. JAS. GILLISS, like a boy with his first pair of boots just donned, struts proudly before our eyes, and says, as Gheezir, the sun, is reported to have said—"Behold me!—behold my riches—I possess this wonderful treasure—or at least the department under which I labor possesses it.

Mr. Editor, are you aware of any gold chronometers at the National Observatory? I never heard of one in the fitting-out of the princely yacht "Wanderer;" and I much doubt if the Great Eastern had one. But Lieut. JAS. GILLISS who goes to the western prairies to observe the eclipse of the sun, not only has one, but refers to it proudly, as above.

This is "Coast Survey economy!" This is the "system of retrenchment" going on under Mr. Secretary COBB! This is the "excessive avoidance of expense," to which "Public Documents" called our attention two years ago, in the columns of the "*Times*." I read that article of "Pub. Doc's" through and through. I retired from its perusal with a hazy idea that the Coast Survey was capable of living on nothing a day, and find itself, and at the same time perform miracles of surveying; and a very clear idea that aids in the Coast Survey received fifteen dollars per month. *But, I saw no reference to gold chronometers!*

Let us follow out this idea—I mean the idea of the gold chronometer—(if you Mr. Editor, will allow me to call a gold chronometer, an idea) Imagine these luxurious scientists carrying with them into the field, (as I have no doubt that they do) theodolites of gaily-chased *aurum*, and ponderous astronomical instruments whose eye pieces are diamonds of untold value! And Mr. Editor, when I hear, as I momentarily expect to, that they dwell in tents of silk, and purple, and fined twined linen, and dine off golden plates encrusted with jewels, the tidings will not excite the faintest emotion of surprise. For, after all, what are all these latter? We read of the ancients having so dwelt and so dined. But who, in all the pages of history, ancient or modern, sacred or profane, ever heard of a gold chronometer?

Mr. Editor, the usual remark with which an epistle of the complain.-of-grievance style, is closed is "where's the polis?" Now, anxious to be in the fashion, and yet, not exactly seeing what good the "polis" could do in this case, I close my epistle with the inquiry, "where's JOHN COVODE?"

Indignantly Yours,

ONE OF THE PEOPLE.

P. S.—Perhaps these reckless squanderers may attempt to get from under the heavy load of obloquy and shame which will be cast upon them by this article, by saying that it was a *gold faced* chronometer that was meant to be referred to by Mr. GILLISS. Shabby and paltry excuse! Which dear VANITY FAIR is the greater sin to commit in these enlightened days, to squander public money in the purchase of a gold chronometer, or deliberately and impudently to murder the good, kind, benevolent old English language?

GERARD.

Vanity:—I have a suggestion to make—to GERARD. Not the slayer of lions but the lionizer. Impressive GERARD. Mighty, magnificent, moral GERARD. GERARD with the collar, the blue coat, the curling wig, the irrepressible walk, the non-imitable manner. Courteous GERARD. JAMES W. GERARD; he who said the other day, that he would like to live in a monarchical country, under a King or a Queen. (Perhaps he forgot he lived two years under the fatherly care of JOHN A. who come from Queens.) The idea I wish to convey to him is this.

That if he desires to live under Royalty, steamers leave New York twice each week—Cabin Passage—$100. If he desires to go I am willing to pay my share of his passage money.

GERARD need not be afraid to go. Meetings *can* be held without him. Schools may hold receptions without him. Ladies may live without him. There are other leaders of fashion.

Even as the world withstood the destruction of the idol Serapis by a Christian soldier, so will goods continue to be bought and sold if GERARD does leave us. Go, GERARD! go in peace. If you choose, go into pieces—no matter. Anything but being here again when a "Princ" dances in the Academy!

Yours,

TERRIFIED.

The Explanation.

CHARLES, discoursing rather freely
Of the unimportant part
Which (he said) our clever women
Play in Science and in art,
"Ah; the sex you undervalue;"
Cried his lovely cousin JANE;
"No, indeed!" responded CHARLEY,
"Pray allow me to explain:
Such a paragon is woman,
That, you see, it *must* be true
She is always vastly better
Than the best that she can do!"

Hail! gentle Cab!

A few weeks ago we had occasion to characterize our "Young America" representative abroad as a "TRAIN off the track." But now that we learn that he intends to do the Hansom thing by New York, we consider his former error amply atoned for. GEORGE FRANCIS, in this instance, is on the right track, beyond all per-adventure. May he glide along on the smooth T rail of prosperity, and may that great stoker, the Public, feed him ever with the fuel of appreciation and patronage!

"One of the coarser leaders of New York fashion w[illegible]t up to the Prince w[illegible]le he was yet talking with a lady with whom he had danc[illegible]d, seized hin[illegible] by the arm, and requested him to dance with his daughter. A gentleman in waiting interfered; the angry New Yorker, still holding the Prince's arm, compressed his lips, protruded his chin, and growled, "What is it to you, I should like to know?" The equerry explained that it was the height of rudeness to touch the Prince; but this leader o[illegible] fashion in the mighty metropolis "differed in opinion." What w[illegible]s the use o[illegible] circumspection when such a fellow as this could buy his way into t[illegible]e presenc[illegible] of Princes?"—*N. Y. Correspondent Washington Intelligencer.*

LAYE OF YE BRUTALLE BOOKBIN[illegible]ER.

I.

Of ye anciente bookbindere who lefte hys countree.

T was an anciente bookbindere
A manne of lowe degre,
Butte famouse in ye councilles of
Saynte George Societie.
Ande eke a Saxonne manne wa[illegible] hee,
Ande as a Saxonne shoulde
Hee lefte theye saye hys owne countree
Alle for his countree's goode.

II.

Howe hee woulde not associate wythe anie butte Saxonnes.

Nowe whenne hee reached a foreigne l[illegible]ade
Quite farre beyonde ye sea,
Hee dide not seeke as others didde
A cit-i-zenne to bee,
But rathere helde himselfe aloofe
Ande ne associate
Wythe aughte butte Saxonne menne di[illegible]e hee
Wythin hys chosenne state.

III.

Howe a Prynce came fromme afarre offe, and howe ye Bookbi[illegible]dere sought hys acquaintance.

There chanced inne tyme a Prynce to co[illegible]me
Fromme Saxonne lands afarre,
To visitte all ye strange countree
At ye wishe of hys mamma.
So whenne ye bookbindere yt hearde,
Hys heade itt grewe quite vayne,
Ande for to bee presentedde
To ye Prynce hee tryed amayne.

IV.

Howe hee spoke butte wythout successe.

He rose hym uppe in councille-halles
Inne ye So-ci-e-tie,
Ande eke wythoute ye [illegible]ouncille-walles
Hee spoke righte ea[illegible]estlie.
Butte NO! theye lyst[illegible]ed not to hym
Ye solidde menne in[illegible]e towne,
For welle theye knewe [illegible]is heade was turned
To gayne hymselfe r[illegible]noune.

V

Howe theye gave ye Prince a Balle and wh[illegible]te happened thereatte,

Ye citie gave ye Prince [illegible] balle,
Ye bookbindere was [illegible]here,
And there hee tooke w[illegible]h wronge intente
Hys youthfule daugh[illegible]re fayre.
And in ye daunce what[illegible] joye was hys,
Whenne dauncinge toe[illegible]and froe,
Ye youthfulle Prynce b[illegible]accidente,
Trodde heavye onne [illegible]s toe.

VI.

Howe ye Prince apologised for ye mischaund[illegible]

Ye prince wythe gentle[illegible]eeknesse turned,
As everie prince shoul[illegible]e doe,
Ande looked in sorrow d[illegible]wne ye whyle
On ye offendinge shoe.
Thenne wythe [illegible]sweete [illegible]d pryncelie smyle
Ye bookb[illegible]re untoe,
He sayed, "I truste ye p[illegible]me dothe not
Much inconvenience yo[illegible]."

VII.

Howe ye bookbindere exhibited hys brutalitie.

Nowe fulle to burste wyth[illegible]pryde I weene,
Ye bookbindere wasse [illegible]e,
To bee thus flattered bye a Prynce,
Toe hym was ecstasie.
Emboldened by ye kindne[illegible]e, hee
Didde turne ye Prynce u[illegible]toe,
Ande clapped hym on ye s[illegible]ouldere-blade,
As vulgar fellawes doe.

VIII.

Howe ye bookbindere continued to be brutall[illegible]

Prynce, I have here a daug[illegible]tere fayre,
And joyouse too, I weene,
Fitte aye to be a Princesse,
Or yette to be a Queene.
Come daunce wythe herre, [illegible]lde Prynce I pray,
Whenne you att leisure [illegible]e,
And itt shalle charme and p[illegible]asure herre,
Ande much delightenne [illegible]e."

IX.

Howe his brutalitie was punished.

Oute stepped ye bolde Equer[illegible]e thenne,
Ande seized ye bookbinder
"Nowe take youre hande av[illegible]aye," quothe hee,
"And goe awaye fromme h[illegible]ere."
Thenne redde and wrothe an[illegible]e surlie too,
Ye bookbindere got hee,
Toe be in publicke balle thus [illegible]erved
Wyth such indignitie.

X.

Howe hee was greatlie shamed.

They pushed hym oute intoe [illegible] crowde,
Ye sillie bookbindere,
And shamed and wounded to ye hearte
Hys lovlie younge daughtere.
And all ye newspaperes next morn,
[illegible]nne blacke ande whyte spake theye
Alle of ye sillie bookbindere,
Ande whatte he didde yt day.

XI.

REMARKS.

Ye authore's Remarkes onne ye foregoinge hystorie.

No Yankee manne in alle ye lat[illegible]le
So big a loute hathe beene,
And suche moste vyle discourte[illegible]e
Ye Prynce hathe never seene.

SPLENDID CAROM OFF THE TABLE-CLOTH EXECUTED BY MR. CHAWKS, AS HE WAS TRYING A LITTLE BIT OF FANCY PLAY, A LA BERGER.

A Suggestion for It.

Having secured Mr. EVERETT to do the fancy articles, Mr. MORRIS (G. P.) as satirical bard, HORACE GREELEY as polemical writer, and ex-President BUCHANAN as political biographer, there only remains for Mr. BONNER of the *Ledger*, so far as we can see, one more literary giant whose services, if they can be obtained, will conclusively immortalise it. Our readers will at once see that we can only allude to Mr. EDWIN FORREST, whose dramatical capacity is unrivalled, and who could certes contribute the most powerful notes on SHAKESPEARE that have ever been heard—(of.) We venture to suggest Mr. FORREST to Mr. BONNER, as his SHAKESPERIAN clow—we should say critic.

The Reign of Music.

The Plumas Standard, California paper, thus pours down:

"Lately we had in this region two hard, pelting rains; one in the morning, the other in the afternoon, and both set to the majestic music of the spheres."

Evidently with an accompaniment of wind instruments and to the tune of

"Thou, thou Reign'st on this bosom."

Con: By a Showman

Why was the end of the Flood like the successful début of a performing horse? Because it (t)rained for a long time previously.

Another by Another Person.

Why is MR. BROOKS, of the "Thunderer," like all great discoverers? Because he is a head of the *Times*.

Thenne joyne mee alle, bothe greate and smalle,
Who these poore lynes doe heare,
To shame ye sillie Saxonne manne,
Ye boorish bookbindere.

XII.

MORALLE.

Ye authore poyntes ye morale ande adornes ye tayle.

Nowe liste toe mee a momente yette,
Eache burlie Saxonne manne,
Whenne ye doe comme toe thys countrie
Becomme a citizenne;
Ande leave behinde youre clownish wayes,
Youre vanitie ande pryde,
So shalle you neverre shame yourselves,
And alle ye lande besyde.

Ye Ende.

IRISH NEWS.

Troth! ef you are afther the News it is in the Irish Newspaper ye must procade fur saking the same.

We looked in it and discovered that a Stone-cutter was a Sculptor, it must be so, Mr. O'BRIEN writes it down in black and white. Mr. O'BRIEN offered to model a figure of PERRY to compete with that of Mr. WALCUTT but was refused—probably the inhabitants did not like his Perigraph—whereupon Mr. O'BRIEN writes, "they accepted WALCUTT's without any competition—a new system in the rule of art." Now Mr. O'BRIEN are n't you thinking about Trade? Competition is the life of Trade—as for Art, that rises superior to petitions. Mr. O'BRIEN's model being refused he undertook the reproduction of WALCUTT's model in marble. How did he do this? He writes: "any honest man who will examine both, will admit that the latter (copy in marble) scarcely prefigures the former. There is a detail in the statue (marble copy) for which I had no model. So much the worse for you—why did n't you follow the model you were paid to copy? If Colonel COLT gives out a pattern of his revolver to a workman and the workman does n't follow it—Col. COLT probably kicks him out of his factory. It is not for the workman to say what is to be done, his business is to do as he is told.

Mr. O'BRIEN while improving his chisel in Rome would have done well to have entered the studio of a sculptor and inquired if CANOVA or THORWALDSDEN, had been, or GIBSON, IVES or HOSMER were, stone-cutters? How much they paid Italians a day for cutting the stone in the rough, and if four and five scudi a day was paid to the Finishers. *Basta!* Mr. O'BRIEN you cannot pull the wool over the eyes of New Yorkers, whatever you may do with the Clevelanders.

Your whole course of conduct, Mr. O'BRIEN the Corkonian, towards Mr. WALCUTT "reveals alike want of fairness and artistic capacity, and deficiency of common sense in newspaper quarters" as Item says.

Instead of Phidias you are Perfidious.

Alas, Poor Turkey.

In ROMER's Pilgrimage, we learn that the Egyptian secret of rendering the flesh of the Turkey particularly tender is, that "half an hour before the bird is killed, a glass of brandy is poured down its throat, which produces intoxication, and the flesh of the tipsy turkey acquires a tenderness superior to that which is produced even by long keeping."

We have yet to learn that a turkey acquires tenderness by Long Keeping, and therefore incline to the belief that it would get Mellow on a glass of brandy, although it is a small amount to Get a Turkey on—which, as the readers of the *World* know, is New York Hotel for Getting Slewed.

Found at Last.

Not perpetual motion, but the Philosopher's Stone which shall transmute base metals into gold. It was bought at Raw Hide ranche, Tuolumne County, Cal., by Mr. WILLIS, for $60. He has discovered a quartz lead—whatever kind of Lead that is—from which in ten days he obtained $100,000.

Any one having any more of that mineral at the same price, warranted to yield like the above specimen, will find a Fair purchaser wherever VANITY can be met with.

POLICE INTELLIGENCE

To show what bucks we are going to be, it is only necessary to read the following little bit from the Board of Police Commissioners, reported a day or two since :

THE POLICE TO WEAR GLOVES.—At the meeting of the Board of Police Commissioners yesterday, but little other than routine business was transacted. A resolution was passed adopting a uniform style of glove, similar to those worn in the army, for the use of the police. They are made of sheep-skin, quite heavy and of the Japanese-reception color.

In the above announcement, something is wanting of the perspicacity of the original JENKINS who followed the career of BRYAN O'LYNN, and treated his public to the following detailed report in connection with an important part of that person's wardrobe :

"BRYAN O'LYNN had no breeches to wear,
They got him a sheepskin to make him a pair—
The smooth side out, and the woolly side in—
'They're elegant small-clothes', said BRYAN O'LYNN."

This was explicit; whereas we are left quite in the dark with regard to the distribution of "sides" when the sheep-skin material comes to be manufactured into *gants Jouvin* for the adornment of our noble Metropolitans. We prefer, however, to consider the woolly side out; and so does our artist, as may be seen by the annexed sketch.

Lest our readers may be also left in the dark as to the meaning of "Japanese-reception color," we have the pleasure of informing them that the shade in question, although no decidedly *mauve* may be very fairly characterised as *mauvais*.

POLICEMAN OF THE PERIOD, TRYING ON A JAPANESE-RECEPTION GLOVE.

Not Unlikely.

An exchange says :

"It is estimated that the growers of Otsego county will this year receive about $600,000 for their hops."

This description of hopping is "cutting a figure." Perhaps it may be accounted for by the fact of this being *Leap* Year.

BOOLE and his fellow Scoundrels would—if they could—have made quite as much out of the city raised article. Unfortunately the Prince-ipal Hop slipped through their dirty yellow kid-covered paws while the Ja-panic caused by the other, even yet prevents the settlement of that little bill!

The greatest Bee in Bonner's Hive.

J. B.

BENNET ON POETRY.

The New York *Herald* of the 22d October, having kept its head well under the blanket and guessed that no poetry was written on the Prince's visit, proceeds as follows :

"The principal reason, we opine, why so few poetic effusions were called out by the Prince's visit was that all the rhymesters in the country were engaged on campaign poetry, of which we have already given a very large specimen. As it was, only about half a dozen poems in honor of the Prince were published, and these were mostly the inspirations of young ladies in whom the graceful manners and pleasant smile of the royal visitor produced the divine afflatus. Had not DOUGLAS and BRECKINRIDGE, LINCOLN, and BELL, monopolised all the genius of the poetasters, we should, no doubt, be able to give our readers a whole page of poetry on H. R. H."

Feel better, eh? Considerably relieved? A nice, manly, truthful, honest, decent paragraph that—is'nt it now? Half a dozen—*mostly* by young ladies! Come now—HOLMES wrote one—but you could'nt mention him. *He's* nobody, of course. No more is R. H. STODDARD. Nobody ever heard of him, or of the poem which he wrote for VANITY FAIR! Or STEDMAN'S! But after all said and done, Master *Herald* what do you know about poetry? Your highest flight of poetical judgement never rose to the level of a Park Paling Ballad. Your "Mary Ann" does'nt begin to come up to those penny productions. The composer of "The Bowery Girls" would turn up his nose at you if you should have the irrepressible insolence to offer yourself as a Melibœus (By the way do you know what that means?) He who sang the Great Fight between SAYERS and HEENAN, with a red and yellow border, would laugh you to scorn. *You* a judge of poetry! *Asinus ad lyram*, You Know—which means you *don't*.

But then if there only *had* been some poetry—or what *you* consider to be such—you would have re-published a whole page of it in your sheet! *Ah!*—Is it there you are! What a pity that VANITY let into you the other day about your nasty, old, ragged BUCHANAN coat. *Is'nt* it! Oh yes. Therefore, on that account, there has been no poetry written on the Prince. Nay, HOLMES did'nt write any, either, for the innocent must suffer with the offending, that the sublime poetical judgment of the bard of "Mary Ann," may be fulfilled. Oh, you're a nice lot, you *are*.

And yet the *Herald* did dabble in "poetry," once. VANITY finds in the files of the first and second years of the *Herald*, quite a number of lyrics! In one of these addressed to the then Secretary of the Navy there is allusion to

"A duck without a tail, on
The pond her ducklings sail, on."

Which affords a very fair illustration of the lame duck of the *Herald*, when completely "at sea" on the pond of poetry. *Herald*—stick to your last! Stick to the philosophers of the *Tribune*, to WEED, Massa GREELEY and imbroglios; to panic making, mare's nest hunting, and mud-slinging generally, and let Poetry alone. She don't know you, or the like of you. And what's more she don't want to. Neither Poetry or Truth. Thus endeth ye first Lesson. Let us continue by singing a piece of poetry (just received) which you are perfectly at liberty to republish :

There's an editor, rampant in Gotham,
Whose conscience deprives him of rest;
And the Devil, at night, from a *nightmare*
Dismounts on that editor's breast.
There he sings, while his tail he is wagging,
"*I'm pleased with whatever you do;*
And I never shall show any *coldness*,
When dealing, my darling, with *you!*"
On a paper, he sees by the bedside,
He gloats with a flame in his eyes;
And he mutters, "Ha! there *lies your Herald*—
My agent, to *Herald your lies!*"

P. S.—Since the above was written, you *Herald* have given it all additional point by doing what you said you would *not* do—and publishing in your Mendacious of the 27 Oct., divers and sundry poems and selections, from poems on the subject of the Prince. Among these latter are two from VANITY FAIR. Both, of course, WITHOUT CREDIT!

Herald!—are you aware that we paid for those poems? They are just as much ours, as your property is yours. You've no more right or business to steal them without credit, than to steal any other property. But who'd expect any better of you? You were false and foul in the Beginning—you will be false and foul to the end.

Joke by John B. Gough.

(*And just his style!*)

Q. What were the "slings of outrageous fortune" mentioned in *Hamlet?*

A. Gin-slings of course.

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